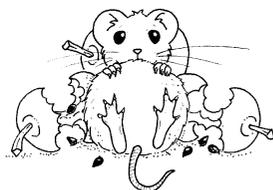


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\* from *Parish Pump*



## DIARY FOR AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER

### Sunday 16<sup>th</sup> August – Trinity 10

11.15am Parish Eucharist  
6.30pm Holy Communion (BCP)

### Sunday 23<sup>rd</sup> August – Trinity 11

11.15am Parish Eucharist  
6.30pm Evening Prayer

*Monday 24<sup>th</sup> St Bartholomew*

### Sunday 30<sup>th</sup> August – Trinity 12

11.15am Parish Eucharist  
*No Evening Service*

### Sunday 6<sup>th</sup> September – Trinity 13

11.15am Parish Eucharist  
6.30pm Open Prayer

Friday 11<sup>th</sup> - The Hall School's Start of Year Service (in St. Peter's)

**Saturday 12<sup>th</sup> September – 150<sup>th</sup> anniversary event** (in St Peter's Church)

**7.30pm A talk by Radio 4 Presenter and former BBC India Correspondent, Mark Tully: 'India's many paths to God'**  
**Entrance £5**

### Sunday 13<sup>th</sup> September – Trinity 14

11.15am Parish Eucharist  
6.30pm Celebration of Healing and Wholeness

*Monday 14<sup>th</sup> Holy Cross Day*

### Sunday 20<sup>th</sup> September – Trinity 15

11.15am Parish Eucharist  
6.30pm Holy Communion (BCP)

*Monday 21<sup>st</sup> St Matthew*

**Sunday 27<sup>th</sup> September – Trinity 16**

11.15am Parish Eucharist  
6.30pm Evening Prayer

*Tuesday 29<sup>th</sup> St Michael and All Angels*

**Sunday 4<sup>th</sup> October – Trinity 17**

11.15am Parish Eucharist  
6.30pm Open Prayer

**St Peter's Church – 150<sup>th</sup> Anniversary**

**Events 2009**

**Jeremy Brock on Screenwriting**

*a talk by the creator of screenplays including*

*'Mrs Brown' and 'Charlotte Gray'*

The Embassy Theatre (Central School of Speech & Drama)

Friday 30<sup>th</sup> October 7.30pm

**Anniversary Eucharist**

*with The Very Revd. John Halls, Dean of Westminster*

St Peter's Church, Wednesday 11<sup>th</sup> November 7.30pm

**Handel's Oratorio, 'Saul'**

*Oxford and Cambridge Musical Club*

St Peter's Church, Saturday 14<sup>th</sup> November **6pm** – Free Entry

**Three Squared**

*present music by Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven, for soprano  
voice, original string instruments and square piano*

St Peter's Church, Friday 4<sup>th</sup> December 7.30pm – Entry, £5

ALSO PLANNED – A SERIES OF INTER-FAITH TALKS, WEDNESDAYS  
IN OCTOBER

**FATHER PAUL WRITES.....**

One of the most popular hymns in Britain (perhaps one of the few people still know nowadays!) is 'Guide me. O Thou great Redeemer', to the fine Welsh tune *Cwm Rhondda*, and with its strong appeal – **'Bread of heaven, feed me till I want no more'**. Despite its popularity, do we really know what we're asking for when we sing that hymn?

We had it recently on Sunday morning, as the claim of Jesus, 'I am the Bread of life' (John 6:35) has been a running theme in the set Sunday readings for about a month now.

The family holiday from which I've just returned caused me to reflect a little on this, and upon the way Jesus seems to emphasise his claim and develop it.

What set me thinking was the home-made bread that Helen, my wife, made while we were away - no doubt inspired by the beautiful setting of the Lake District and the converted barn we were staying in there. Normally we buy our family bread, and having pre-packed bread delivered from the supermarkets, or getting it from the corner shop, isn't something we get very excited about - even though we know we need it.

But a successfully baked fresh loaf causes a very different reaction! It's an *event* in the household, filling the whole building with an intoxicating aroma. It's a *meal in itself*; you don't even want to sully it with the customary jam or marmite, or even butter.

Jesus said 'Do not work for the food that perishes, but for the food that endures for eternal life, which the Son of Man will give you' (John 6:27). Maybe too easily we spend our time and energies on the 'filling' or 'icing' – those things which thrill the senses – instead of the actual 'bread' which holds our existence together. But even those who accept Jesus as the 'Bread of life' can become blasé – taking him for granted, almost like those supermarket loaves. Maybe we come to see him as a prop – coming to our aid in difficulties, helping us along in our relationships and careers perhaps, feeding us on *our* terms – 'till we want no more'.

But in the treatment John's Gospel gives to this theme of Jesus the Bread of Life we find, not an individualistic, but a **communal** application. The Bread of Life is to unite followers of Jesus into a community which

assembles to *share* his life in Bread and Wine, and in hospitality which offers this life to others.

Jesus himself defines the 'bread of life' in this way: 'The bread which I shall give is my own flesh, given for the life of the world' (John 6:51). There's a real hint here that our response to this gift must involve a similar self-giving, if the Bread of Life is to be truly real to us - sensed, smelt and tasted.

Along with our quest to live-out the Christian Gospel it's appropriate, as our 150<sup>th</sup> Anniversary continues, that we celebrate a nation whose different faiths continue to shape *its* culture and character in an integrated way – India. We are honoured that Mark Tully is coming to share his experience of it with us in his talk on 12<sup>th</sup> September – 'India's many paths to God' (see church diary). Do join us for this!

*Father Paul*

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## RICHARD III

On a suitably stormy night I went to see the production of **Richard III** by the second year students of the Central School in St Peter's Church. This play was written in 1592, probably the fourth Shakespeare wrote, after his successful beginning with the three parts of **Henry VI**. Relying on the account of Richard's reign written by Sir Thomas More, he created a monster who has dominated our view of the last of the Plantagenet kings, hunch-backed, born with teeth, and murdering all his relatives to get the ultimate power of the crown. He also created for the stage a villain who has provided many great actors with a thoroughly satisfying role. His Richard is Machiavellian, articulate and a superb manipulator of the audience which is forced, rather like children watching Punch, to cheer on a character who is immoral and a murderer. We are relieved when Richard is overcome at the end and the reigns of the glorious Tudors are about to begin, but we have laughed at many of his witticisms and not been allowed to care much for any of his victims, two-dimensional as they are deliberately drawn. Indeed, we have almost collaborated with Richard's schemes as his soliloquies draw us into his plans.

The fourteen students who performed for us succeeded in conveying this ambivalence by having two actors playing Richard. The first Richard was

a surprise, a woman! Allie Bell was a termagent, red plaits flying as she stabbed and screamed her way to the throne. She was truly terrifying and dominated the play as the character should but it was left to James Finan in the second half to bring out the perverse humour of the part. Perhaps they should have reversed roles? It was a good touch to bring them together as the ghosts of his victims entered Richard's nightmares before the battle of Bosworth. This production, though, set in more or less modern dress in nicely muted colours, aimed, as the programme notes indicated, to emphasise the violence and tyranny of Richard's rise to power and the humour was muted. I missed the scene where the newly crowned Richard with his spin-doctor, Buckingham, appears reading a prayer book in an attempt to impress the citizens of London with his piety and the one where the two Princes so foolishly laugh at Richard's shadow – and did I really miss "My kingdom for a horse"? Nothing evidently was to detract from the horror.

To this end, the students had decided to begin the play with the last scenes of **Henry VI, Part III**. Richard's violence was therefore demonstrated (with a horrid echo of Gloucester's blinding) before the irony of the "Now is the winter of our discontent" soliloquy. We knew what kind of world we were in. The fact that Richard was played by a woman gave an added frisson to the scene where he woos Lady Anne across the coffin of her husband whom he has murdered, Lady Anne throughout being played excellently by Danny Horn. The play kept up a superb momentum, the changing of characters and costumes did not distract us in any way, and the sound of machine guns and pistols created tension but I could have wished, particularly at the beginning, that the director had not fallen into the trap so often used on TV of having such loud music to create atmosphere that the words can hardly be heard above it.

However, praise must be given to all the actors for their voice projection, their versatility in taking numerous roles and their ability to die splendidly – and fall on the hard floor of the chancel! It was good to have an old-fashioned and skilful sword fight at the end. The spaces in the church were used imaginatively, though those of us from St Peter's grew alarmed at the number of bodies piling up in the vestry! I think particular praise must be given to the two Margarets, Emily Jane Parks and Gabrielle Dempsey, for bringing sympathy to a role which is nothing but an incarnate curse, to Rachel Waring for being a piteous Edward V, whose crown so fittingly was too big and slipped down so pathetically over her head, to Ruth Milne who spoke the account of the murder of the Princes in the Tower so beautifully, and to Victoria Walsh's sinister Buckingham in

her dark glasses, who spoke her death speech with real resignation – but singling actors out is almost invidious when so many played so many parts so wholeheartedly and so skilfully. It was, rightly, a disturbing evening and its modern touches reminded us that such bloody tyranny still haunts many parts of the world.

*Mary Shakeshaft*

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## ISAAC

An old man sits under a tree. His name is Isaac. We are introduced. It is a hot day so they have put him under a tree. Seven people sit around the table in a lovely garden filled with flowers. The conversation is full of jokes and anecdotes for this is a garden party and most of these people have known each other a long time. Suddenly the old man is alert, interested, for he hears me talk about poetry.

"I wrote a poem once," he says proudly.

"So you did, Dad," says his daughter, who has brought him along to the gathering. "And you won a prize for it, didn't you?"

"What was it about?" I ask.

"War," he tells me, smiling as if it were the happiest subject in the world. I am puzzled. I was the last to arrive and I don't really know where the old man fits in. I smile at him and he continues. His speaking is slow and thoughtful, well organised, although his voice is feeble. The voice of an old man.

"You see, we were in the desert, waiting for the battle of El Alamein to begin. At such times you have no idea what is ahead. You wonder if you'll survive and if you'll ever see your family again. We sat there a long time, doing nothing. Just waiting. So I wrote. And they liked it. They gave me ten pounds and ten pounds was a lot of money in those days." He says this proudly and pauses, looking around.

"Wait a minute," says another member of the party, Hartmut, who works in publishing. "Didn't we put your poem in our anthology, Oasis, I think it was called, that went out in 1986?"

Again the old man smiles. "Was that you? I knew somebody did" He beams. "And now I'm on the internet."

I ask what his poem was called and he tells me, "Battle Interlude". I look across at him to ask for more details but he has fallen asleep. Back home I look for it on the computer under his name but I can't find it. Well, that's me, of course. But the main thing is it IS there for anyone who is clued up enough to read.

And when Isaac was a young man, scared of what the future might hold, scribbling in a tent in the desert, how could he have dreamt that one day this would be a possibility? He will always be remembered. Far better than an inscription on a tombstone.

My father who died in 1980 said that more had changed in his lifetime than in the 2000 years since the Romans. And indeed it had. When he was little they still had oil lamps in their houses and there were horse drawn carriages in the streets. As a boy of eight he was trampled on by a horse pulling the local doctor's conveyance and had a big scar all his life to prove it.

We have aeroplanes, antibiotics, men on the moon, mobile phones and now the internet. What shall we have next? For the old man in the wheelchair it is not important. He has other things on his mind. At ninety two he sits smiling, drifting in and out of sleep, re living his memories of long ago. Memories that are probably crystal clear, for long term memory is sharper than short term. He leaves the rest of us to worry about the whirling, spinning, mind boggling pace of change. Which can be a little irritating. My mobile phone, bought less than five years ago, needs something to make it take more pictures.

"No longer available," I am told. "Your phone is out of date. But the new one we have on special offer takes up to three thousand."

If my Dad was right, then how far have we come in Isaac's lifetime? And how far shall we have come in mine? There must be some sort of mathematical formula to work it out, but I'm afraid it's beyond me. I couldn't even get Isaac's poem up on my computer.

*Helen Braithwaite*

The poem, Battle Interlude, by Lance Corporal Isaac Celner is on Google Books - Poems from the Desert, by the Eighth Army.

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## ETERNAL SUNSHINE AND BLUE SKIES

### Book Review

Father Paul's mother-in law, Fay Garrison, has written a charming memoir of her wartime childhood, entitled **Poppies in the Corn**. As the quotation I have used for this review suggests, her memories of spending her childhood in the countryside are idyllic, but many things she refers to will strike a chord with anyone who was a child in the 1940s, as I was.

Fay's family lived in Birmingham, but her father prudently in 1939 rented a "rather run-down bungalow" in the hamlet of Redenham, a few miles from Andover in Hampshire, to her mother's horror as she had no experience of life in the country. The cows were "watchful" and the bungalow was far from any neighbours on the edge of the village in the middle of an orchard. The family moved there at the onset of war. Her father joined the Rifle Brigade and was captured at Dunkirk and was a prisoner of war in Stalag 383 till the end of the war. On his return the family moved back to Birmingham, but it is her years in Redenham which Fay remembers best and which return even now in her dreams.

I have recently reread **Period Piece** by the granddaughter of Charles Darwin, Gwen Raverat, and **Poppies in the Corn** is rather like it in structure, circling round the writer's memories of people and places, rather than pursuing a straight path through the years. We learn of her aunts and uncles, like Uncle Joe with his aviary where the birds sang so loudly after a devastating air-raid on Birmingham: "You see, Fay, a lot of people were killed last night in the bombing,' he explained,' And their souls have to go on a long, long journey up to Heaven. They travel that much faster on the wings of birdsong. I think our birds know that.'" Then there is Billy Mills who has a "fair comprehension of life and a limitless vocabulary of swear-words" who sits next to her in class and attempts to explain the "facts of life" to an unbelieving seven year old. Her greatest friend is Arthur, her champion and hero, who keeps ferrets and under whose protection Fay and her younger sister Marion are allowed to watch the bigger boys lighting fires and roasting pig-nuts. Her other friends are the squire and his family, to whose house they are invited with their mother to afternoon tea "very formal" and to musical afternoons where Fay's early

love of music is fostered by her mother's singing of popular ballads to Mrs Pound's accompaniment.

When Fay first attends the village school she is already a good reader but not a writer: "I was given a book ruled with lines and told to copy a sentence from the blackboard. No amount of lip-biting, tongue-extending or finger-gripping could persuade my pencil to get my unwieldy letters to sit on the lines. Likewise when I was faced with two digits, one above the other with two parallel lines beneath them and told to 'add the numbers', I was mystified." The infants are taught by the formidable Miss Loader who terrifies them, "all our schoolwork was conducted in total silence", but Miss Loader proves to be a heroine when some children cross a field with a bull in it which charges at them. Miss Loader calls to them to run to safety while she faces the bull. She is gored and has to spend time in hospital. Clearly more than a good teacher! Higher up the school Fay is taught by the headmistress, Miss Freeman, one of those inspirational teachers, like the Miss Nield who taught me, who is far too bright to be in such a school, but who gave Fay a lifelong love of literature and of nature. She recalls that "Friday afternoons were devoted to the silent reading of library books". Does anyone else remember the joy of those hours? There is an annual visit by the Dean of Winchester: "To our astonishment the Dean seated himself, as our beloved teacher was wont to do during story-time, rather precariously upon the fender " – and yes, my school had open fires too and high fireguards on which our wet coats were dried when we had slipped in puddles. "Once more the clatter of the raised benches as we stood to pray" – and that clattering sound echoes in my mind too.

We learn of the freedom the children had then to explore the countryside, to eat their school lunches under the trees, of their games and their activities. In the chapter "Sunday School" we are told that Fay and Marion attended both the Church of England Sunday School and the Methodist one, the first being very sparsely attended and the second being much more organised and having an anniversary concert each year where the two girls were leading singers. It was music that was to be of the greatest importance Fay's life and at her grammar school she was taught by an excellent music teacher, Margaret Wharam. "I can remember her once very angrily giving a girl an 'order mark' for saying she thought Handel's music was 'boring'!"

This delightful book is full of anecdotes and joy in remembering – Chance, the beloved dog who can't settle in town when the family return to Birmingham and whom the girls envy because he has to return to

Redenham and a family there; the chickens and ducks raised in the garden; the visits of the Americans stationed nearby and their gifts of chewing gum, which the girls at Appleshaw School soon learn to conceal in their knicker-legs; the illegal bonfire on Guy Fawkes Night in their orchard when the villagers roast a pig and Fay eats pork for the first time, and decides it is an improvement on the green apples she previously favoured; the lime-green parachute found in the lane, from which her mother and aunt secretly made clothes for the girls. They never found if it had belonged to a German spy, despite excitedly looking for him for several days.

**Poppies in the Corn** is published by History into Print at £8.95. It is written with wryly humorous affection so that the reader smiles at such a lively evocation of childhood pleasures and puzzles. I enjoyed it very much. Get a copy from Paul!

*Mary Shakeshaft*

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## THE CONTENTED FISHERMAN

The rich industrialist from the North was horrified to find the Southern fisherman lying lazily beside his boat, smoking a pipe.

'Why aren't you out fishing?' said the industrialist.  
'Because I have caught enough fish for the day,' said the fisherman.  
'Why don't you catch some more?'  
'What would I do with them?'  
'You could earn more money,' was the reply. 'With that you could have a motor fitted to your boat and go into deeper waters and catch more fish. Then you would make enough to buy nylon nets. These would bring you more fish and more money. Soon you would have enough money to own two boats..... maybe even a fleet of boats. Then you would be a rich man like me.'  
'What would I do then?'  
'Then you could really enjoy life.'  
'But what do you think I am doing right now?'

Which would you rather have: a fortune, or a capacity to enjoy life, for yourself, or in the company of those you love.

*Anthony de Mello*

## The Summer Rain

"And now the cordial clouds have shut all in,  
And gently swells the wind to say all's well;  
The scattered drops are falling fast and thin,  
Some in the pool, some in the flower-bell.

I am well drenched upon my bed of oats;  
But see that globe come rolling down its stem,  
Now like a lonely planet there it floats,  
And now it sinks into my garment's hem.

Drip drip the trees for all the country round,  
And richness rare distills from every bough;  
The wind alone it is makes every sound,  
Shaking down crystals on the leaves below.

For shame the sun will never show himself,  
Who could not with his beams e'er melt me so;  
My dripping locks--they would become an elf,  
Who in a beaded coat does gayly go."

*Henry David Thoreau*

## SHRINKING THE FOOTPRINT IN EVERY PARISH

The Church of England's environmental campaign is now three years old. To mark the recent event, the Shrinking the Footprint campaign has unveiled energy saving toolkits for every parish.

The Bishop of London, the Rt Revd Richard Chartres is urging the dioceses to go one step further in cutting the carbon, reminding them that caring for the planet is a Christian imperative for the sake of future generations.

He urged the church to campaign for change, both at local level, and in the international arena. Important climate change talks take place at Copenhagen in December.

New toolkits and resources with energy saving tips and guidance for the CofE's churches, cathedrals, schools and clergy homes are now available at [www.shrinkingthefootprint.org](http://www.shrinkingthefootprint.org). These include downloadable action plans and checklists along with advice on considering the appropriate use of renewable energy in church buildings.

Nearly all dioceses now have an environment officer with many promoting their own green policies to cut the carbon in every parish.

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### **TIME TO END GLOBAL POVERTY, URGES CHRISTIAN AID**

Almost three quarters (72 per cent) of British men and women want to see poverty ended in their life time, says a poll commissioned by international development agency Christian Aid.

Almost half (45 per cent) feel the UK government should be doing more to help, while around the same number (46 per cent) say a political party's policies on ending poverty would influence their vote.

The YouGov poll marks the launch of a new Christian Aid report, Poverty Over, which says the financial and other crises offer an unprecedented opportunity for the final eradication of global poverty.

The report, which explores some of the measures that must be taken to achieve such a goal, is intended to inject new life and urgency into efforts to help the poor.

"The world is in crisis," says Christian Aid director Dr Daleep Mukarji. "It isn't just financial. Climate change, the food security crisis and worsening levels of inequality are also undermining quality of life for many millions of people.

"Despite the large percentage of those polled wanting an end to poverty, only three per cent believed that goal would be achieved in their life time. If a determined effort is not made now to tackle poverty, they will be right." The fight, the report warns, cannot be won unless the structural causes of poverty are first uprooted. These, it says, can be traced directly back to human and institutional indifference to people without power, and even, in some cases, policies intended to impoverish.

"Poverty is political," the report says. "Rather than being merely an unhappy fact of life, it is the result of structures and systems created by humans, and of people being effectively excluded from decision-making. As such, the solutions must be political too."

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### **THE TRUMPET WILL SOUND...AND WE SHALL BE CHANGED**

'I get up early, and as soon as I have dressed, I go down on my knees and pray God and the Blessed Virgin that I may have another successful day. Then when I've had some breakfast, I sit down at the clavier and begin my search. If I hit on an idea quickly, it goes ahead easily and without much trouble. But if I can't go on, I know that I must have forfeited God's grace by some fault of mine, and then I pray once more for grace until I feel I'm forgiven.'

Those words of the composer Joseph Haydn describe his daily routine of composition. The ideas must, in fact, have flowed in abundance for he composed an enormous amount of music: 104 symphonies, over 60 string quartets, over 60 piano sonatas, oratorios, 20 operas and 14 masses, and a host of other compositions besides.

Joseph Haydn was born in 1732, the son of a wheelwright in Rohrau, in eastern Austria, near the border with Hungary. From an early age he displayed a talent for music, and when he was eight years old, he became a chorister at St Stephen's Cathedral in Vienna. The regime there did not stifle his playful, adventurous spirit: on one occasion the empress Maria Theresa caught him climbing scaffolding, and in 1749 he was dismissed from the choir for cutting off a fellow-chorister's pigtail. Obligated to fend for himself, he eventually became Kapellmeister at the Esterhazy court. He was there for 24 years, 'cut off from the world' as he expressed it. Travelling to London in 1791 was a revelation for Haydn as he was feted as a renowned composer and a celebrity. In 1795 he returned to his homeland, where he was to die in 1809.

In this 200th anniversary year of his death, we give thanks for the incredible creative output of those years, written, as he expressed it in a letter to music lovers in Bergen, to provide 'a spring of rest and refreshment' to those pursued by sorrow and anxiety. 'That was a powerful motive for pressing onward.' What characterises much of Haydn's music, along with the clarity and lucidity of the lines, is its energy and zest and the abundance of jokes and surprises.

When we read of the ministry of Jesus in the Gospels, we often find him relishing jokes (the camel going through the eye of the needle, for instance) and the sparring banter that we can sense in many of his encounters. That sense of humour and the delight in dialogue abound in Haydn's works. It is there in the Joke String Quartet, where we are never quite sure if it has ended, and the Surprise Symphony, which wakes us up in the Andante, should we have nodded off, as it is there in many of his works. Look at the playful ending of the Farewell Symphony, and the stops and starts of several of the piano sonatas. They all witness to 'a fellow of infinite jest.'

I think Haydn had that sense of fun and playfulness because he realised that his life, like all lives, was lived sub specie aeternitatis (under the perspective of eternity). We realise that this sense of the majesty and glory of God gave perspective to his own life, for all the brilliance of his particular gifts. He delighted in humour and jokes because he knew humour always helped humanity keep a sense of proportion. It is related to humus, the soil, and to humility. Humour keeps our feet firmly on the ground, rejoicing in life and creation, but preventing us from becoming too high and mighty. That is the playfulness of Haydn's music, which breaks down our defences and pretensions.

There is a story that George III said to the composer, 'Dr Haydn, you have written a great deal.' The composer modestly replied, 'Yes, Sire, a great deal more than is good.' The king rejoined, 'Oh, no, the world contradicts that,' and we, 200 years later, would agree.



### Choice

A father was standing at the edge of a cliff admiring the sea below, the sandwiches clutched in his hand. His son approached him and tugged at his coat. "Mum says it is not safe here," the boy said, "and that you are either to come away, or else give me the sandwiches."

### Where now?

A Teacher was finishing up a lesson on the joys of discovery and the importance of curiosity. "Where would we be today," she asked, "if no one had ever been curious?"

Child "In the garden of Eden?"

### Spiritual encouragement

- ★ When praying, don't give God instructions - just report for duty.
- ★ Atheism is a non-prophet organization.
- ★ We are all fallen creatures and all very hard to live with. *C S Lewis*
- ★ With God there are mysteries, but no mistakes. *Michael Griffiths*

### Some miscellaneous observations on life

- ★ Automobile: A mechanical device that runs up hills and down people.
- ★ Back up my hard drive? How do I put it in reverse?
- ★ Bacteria: the only culture some people have.
- ★ Before they invented drawing boards, what did they go back to?
- ★ Before you criticize someone, make sure you've walked a mile in their shoes. That way, you're a mile away AND you have their shoes!

### One million words....and counting

The millionth word has just entered the English language. It isn't something wildly colourful, but simply: Web2.0. It refers to the second generation of web development.

Global Language Monitor, a group which tracks linguistic trends, says that a word is generated on average every 98 minutes. Once it has been used 25,000 times in the global print media, web and the blogosphere, it becomes a word that can stand on its own.

### TOO MUCH TOO FAST

The modern media presents news and events at such a fast pace that there is no time for people to respond with appropriate compassion or admiration, and over time they become indifferent to human suffering. Twitter and Facebook and 24 hour news channels could thus pose a threat to moral values.

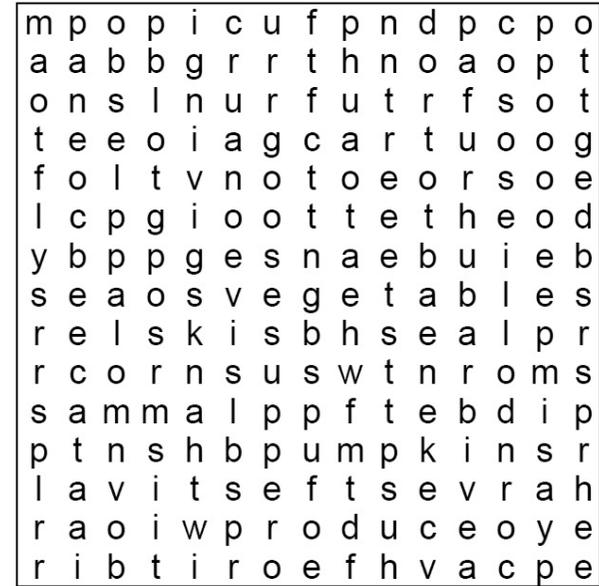
These are the conclusions of scientists at the University of Southern California, who presented their research in a recent issue of an academic science magazine.

The scientists found that emotions linked to a moral sense were slow to respond to news and events, and had failed to keep up with the pace of the modern world. It takes time to reflect and respond to a story of suffering, but by then the media are on to the next story... ..

The scientists warn that the problem could become widespread. Activities such as reading books and meeting friends for in-depth discussions, where people can define their moral values, is being taken over by news snippets and fast-moving social networking.

A leading sociology expert, Manuel Castells of USC, said he was most concerned about the implications for fast-moving TV or virtual games. "In a media culture in which violence and suffering becomes an endless show, indifference to the vision of human suffering gradually sets in."

### Word Search



### Solution

